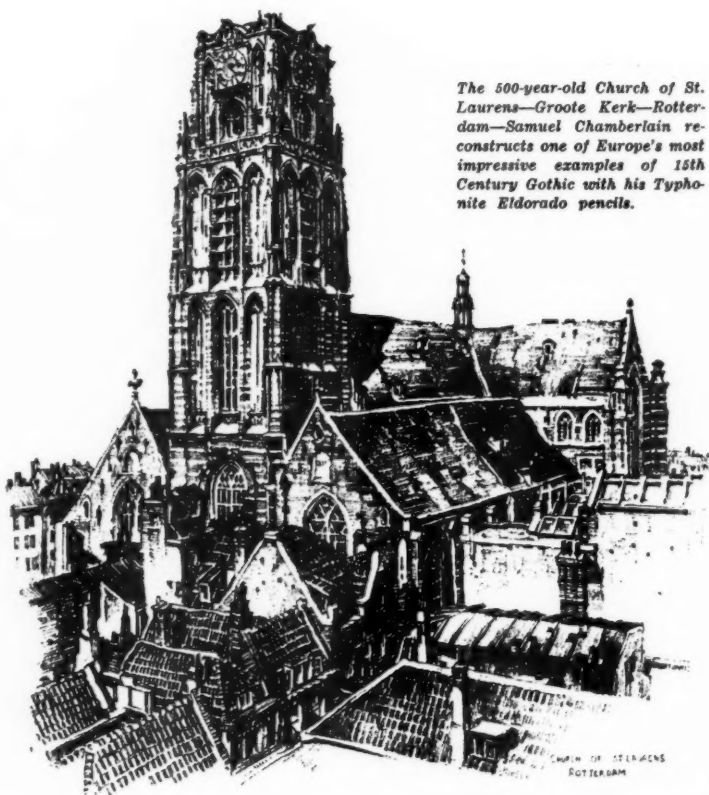


Canadian ART

SPRING NUMBER





The 500-year-old Church of St. Laurens—Groote Kerk—Rotterdam—Samuel Chamberlain reconstructs one of Europe's most impressive examples of 15th Century Gothic with his Typhonite Eldorado pencils.

The professional artist, and anyone who wishes to exploit his skills to the utmost, provides himself with whatever tools are needed for best results. If you could have looked over Chamberlain's shoulder as he made this magnificent drawing you would have seen on his desk before him, not two or three pencils, but an array of leads from

6B to 3 or 4H. And you would have seen him take up one, then another; the B grades for the darkest tones, the H grades for the lightest. In other words Chamberlain works with a *full palette*. If you have not worked in this way you have a pleasant surprise in store for you in the "ELDORADO pencil palette."

DIXON TYPHONITE ELDORADO

The Master Drawing Pencil

Made in Canada by DIXON PENCIL CO. LIMITED

NEWMARKET, ONTARIO



CANADIAN ART

Spring Number



One of a series of carvings in sun-dried wood entitled *The Rivers of America* by Florence Wyle

ARTHUR LISMER—HIS CONTRIBUTION TO CANADIAN ART by A. Y. Jackson . . .	Page 89
LISMER'S PAINTING FROM 1913 TO 1949 IN REVIEW by Andrew Bell	91
A CANADIAN ARTIST IN MEXICO by Leonard Brooks	94
PAINTER OF SENSITIVE VISION by Donald W. Buchanan	99
THE DIFFICULT ART OF CARICATURE by Robert La Palme	104
UNLIMITED SELF-EXPRESSION — A COMMENT ON SOME RECENT PAINTINGS FROM THE UNITED STATES by Beatrice Korner	110
COAST TO COAST IN ART	114
ART FORUM	122
NEW BOOKS ON THE ARTS	124

Cover: Lillian Freiman. *Three Musicians*. Drawing in mixed media

CANADIAN ART VOL. VII. NUMBER 3 SPRING 1950

Editors

Robert Ayre, Montreal
Donald W. Buchanan, Ottawa

Assistant Editor

Kathleen M. Fenwick, Ottawa

Representatives

Charles H. Scott, Vancouver
Andrew Bell, Toronto

Production Director

Donald W. Buchanan

Business Secretary

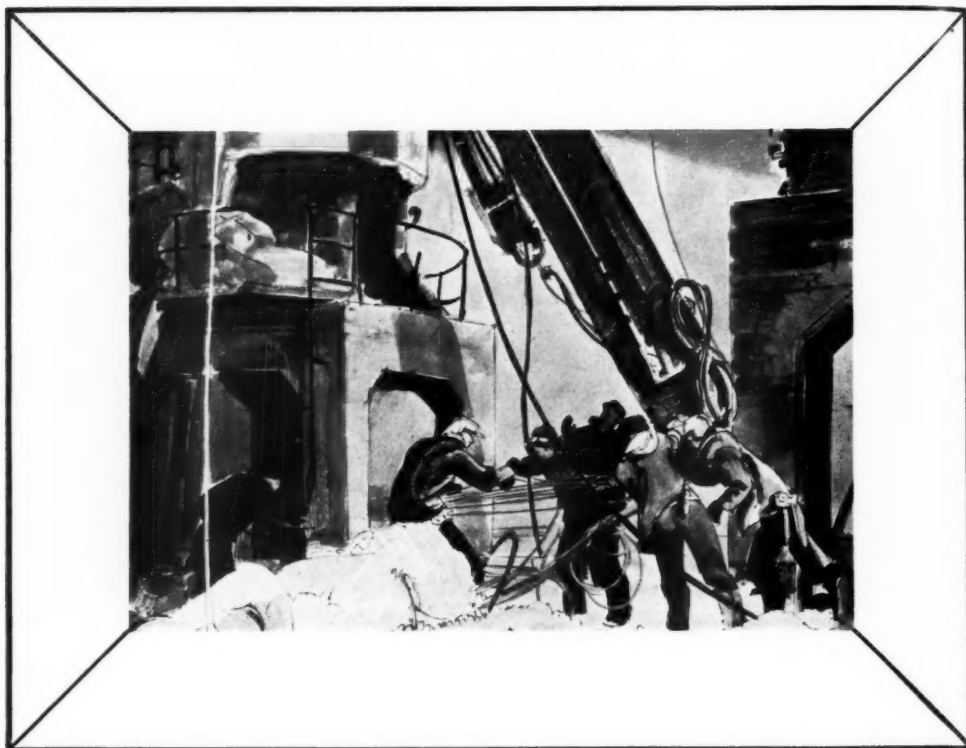
Doris Myles

PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES A YEAR UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A BOARD REPRESENTING THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA, THE MONTREAL MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, THE VANCOUVER ART GALLERY, THE MARITIME ART ASSOCIATION, THE FEDERATION OF CANADIAN ARTISTS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Yearly subscription: post free in Canada \$1.25, other countries \$1.50. Cheques should be made payable at par in Ottawa. 35c a copy. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Advertising rates upon application. All articles are listed in the Art Index, New York, and the Canadian Index of the Canadian Library Association, Ottawa.

EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES: BOX 384, OTTAWA



"Riggers at work", Don Anderson, 1948. From a series of water color sketches made for Imperial Oil Limited.

Painter Don Anderson is one of several artists who have found in Canada's oil industry dramatic and exciting subject matter for their pictures. The sketches shown were made during the dismantling of an oil refinery at Whitehorse, Yukon, and its reconstruction at Edmonton.



IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

The Art Gallery of Toronto



GOLDEN JUBILEE EXHIBITIONS

MARCH 4th

APRIL 16th

CONTEMPORARY CANADIAN ARTS

APRIL 22nd

MAY 21st

PEGI NICOL MACLEOD MEMORIAL EXHIBITION

Admission to the Gallery 25c Saturday, Sunday and Holidays FREE

Members FREE at all times

You are invited to write for our price list of reproductions

For out-of-town membership—send your name and address and \$3.00 to

THE ART GALLERY OF TORONTO
Grange Park, Toronto 2B

THE MONTREAL MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

FOUNDED 1860

COMING EXHIBITIONS:—

MARCH 14 - APRIL 9 — The 67th Annual Spring Exhibition.

APRIL 27 - MAY 31 — 18TH CENTURY ART. FRANCE AND ENGLAND. A major loan exhibition of paintings, drawings, tapestries, furniture and decorative arts from collectors, museums and dealers in the United States and elsewhere.

Special Wednesday night programs each week.

1379 SHERBROOKE ST. W.

MONTREAL, P.Q.

Rowney's

"GEORGIAN" SERIES

Oil Colours

Developed to meet the demand for a popular priced series of Oil Colours. You will be surprised with the quality which Rowney's have packed into the "GEORGIAN" Series of Oil Colours.

Five generations of colour making for Artists are behind every product bearing the name "Rowney".

Furthermore, every "Georgian" Oil Colour is very close in shade to the corresponding colour in Rowney's famous "Artist Quality", so that it is a simple matter to step up into the use of our top quality oils.

NEW LOW PRICES "GEORGIAN" SERIES

Studio or No. 12 size only

Series A (11 colours)40e tube
Series B (30 colours)60e tube

WHITE'S

Flake White —	Titanium White —	Zinc White
No. 12 — Studio45e each
No. 20 — ½ pound65e each
No. 40 — 1 pound		1.20 each

NEW LOWER PRICES
on ROWNEY'S ARTISTS MATERIALS now in effect

Artists' Colour Makers for 160 Years

GEORGE ROWNEY & CO.

LONDON, ENGLAND

Canadian Distributors

A. R. DAVEY COMPANY

36-38 WELLINGTON EAST

TORONTO 1, ONT.

Quebec City
LIBRAIRIE GARNEAU Ltée
47, rue Buade

Montreal
THE PAINT BOX
4159 St. Catherine West

Vancouver, B.C.
GEHRKE'S Limited
506 Seymour St.

Vancouver, B.C.
ALDERSON'S ART SHOP
5083 West Boulevard

HUGHES - OWENS

**Devaluation of the British pound
reduces price of**



Artists' Materials

"LONDON" OIL COLOURS

Now!

SERIES 140 TUBE
SERIES 260 TUBE
SERIES 375 TUBE
WHITES (STUDIO)40 TUBE
WHITES (½ LB.)60 TUBE

THE HUGHES - OWENS CO. LIMITED

MONTREAL
VANCOUVER

TORONTO
EDMONTON

WINNIPEG
OTTAWA



LENDING COLLECTIONS

A National Service

available to responsible art organizations in Canada

Travelling Exhibitions

Canadian: Royal Canadian Academy; Canadian Society of Painters in Water Colour; Pegi Nicol MacLeod Memorial Exhibition; Arthur Lismer, Paintings 1913-1949; Development of Painting in Canada; Design in Industry; Progress through Design (architecture); What an Art Centre can do for Your Community.

British and American: Some British Drawings from the Collection of Sir Robert Witt; The Society of London Painter-Printers; Colour Lithographs by Contemporary British Artists; Posters for the General Post Office; What is Modern Painting; Elements of Design; Look at Your Neighbourhood; Three Post-War Houses.

Charges on a pro rata basis

Films

16 and 35 mm. films, sound and silent, some in colour, on painting, graphic arts, crafts, architecture and other subjects. 28 films available.

Illustrated Lectures

Written lectures by well known authorities on Canadian and European art of all periods. Illustrated with lantern slides in colour and black and white.

Lantern Slides

Special sets of lantern slides are assembled on request from the National Gallery's lantern slide library, which includes European art of all periods, all paintings in the Gallery's permanent collection and a large and varied selection on Canadian art.

Colour Reproductions

Reproductions in colour of Canadian painting and of European schools of painting from the 15th century to the present including the impressionists, post-impressionists and contemporary work.

Further information and complete list of lending collections
may be had on request

**THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA
OTTAWA**

Arthur Lismer —

His Contribution to Canadian Art

A. Y. JACKSON

Both A. Y. Jackson, who was one of Lismer's colleagues in the Group of Seven, and Andrew Bell, who is the Toronto representative of this magazine, have been asked to comment in this issue on the importance of the retrospective exhibition of Lismer's work, which opened in Toronto in January and is now on a tour of Canada.

ARTHUR Lismer used to boast that he owned the largest collection of Lismer's in Canada. Looking over the catalogue of this exhibition of his work which covers the period from 1913 to 1949, it would appear that this is no longer true, as most of these paintings come from public or private collections.

For the first time, by means of this exhibition, we are able to study the life-work of an artist who has exerted the strongest influence in developing and giving direction to the arts of this country. We must also consider, in looking over this retrospective showing, that in all the period which it covers, there was never even one year in which he was able to devote himself entirely to painting.

Mostly he was a summer painter, and just when the colour started to liven up he would have to pack up and go back to teaching, and so we miss in his canvases the seasonal changes which are depicted in the work of most Canadian artists. There is only one winter canvas in the collection, *Winter Camouflage*, cool blue, violet snow with green water beyond. It makes one wish he had painted snow more often. However, if he has been a summer painter, he has not painted pastorals. There are very few of his pictures wherein one could find pasture for a cow.

The earliest efforts, before he became more Canadian than most of the people born here, show that he admired Constable. Following these there is the painting, *The Guide's Home*, done in 1914, which was probably a result of the animated discussions we used to have on the French Impressionists. We were all experimenting with broken colour at that time, but it was too involved a technique to express

the movement and complex character of our northern wilds.

By 1916, in *A Westerly Gale*, Lismer had just about found the direction that he has followed ever since, with increasing boldness in design and stronger and more brilliant colour. Five years after this canvas was painted, we got practically the same subject again in *September Gale*. This second canvas has robustness and movement; there are no vague areas, every part of it, sky, water and trees build up to a unified composition.

These years, 1920-1927, (in 1927 he resigned as Vice-Principal of the Ontario College of Art, where he and the Principal disagreed about almost everything) were productive of a remarkable series of canvases, mostly of the Georgian Bay.

This country has been an inspiration to many of our Canadian painters, but no one else has dug into it as Lismer has. He has studied its every mood, in sunshine or rain, grey days and boisterous weather.

The title of one of his paintings, *Rock, Pine and Sunlight*, is descriptive of much of his work. The wind, too, is in accord with his restless spirit. He has been well called the "stormy petrel" of the Group. The passing years have been so devoted to teaching, lecturing and administrative work, it does not seem possible he could find any time to paint. Yet he still finds enchantment in the Georgian Bay and in the fishing villages of Nova Scotia.

Lacking time and a studio to work in, he crowds an amazing amount of vitality into small canvases—close-ups of stumps and pine roots, or dead fish, pulleys, strands of rope, lobster traps, killicks and such stuff.

But Lismer is a painter capable of doing big husky canvases. He should not be confined to small things. When all our growing towns establish art galleries there won't be enough Lismer's to go round. He has a lot more potential masterpieces stored up which need release. His influence as a teacher has extended all over Canada, to say nothing of South Africa, where he spent a year organizing a system of art education in the schools. One would like to see him retire from educational work and turn all his wit and wisdom and years rich in experience into creative work.

Appreciation of Lismer's work has been

slow in coming. To many people it seemed careless and untidy. His unconventional outlook was difficult to accept. He was never a follower; he has always blazed his own trails. We could think of a lot of artists who have had the same experience, and, because they were true to themselves, we honour their names above all others.

May he continue for a long time to stir us out of lethargy and smugness, to put life into art education, to prod and exhort and inspire our younger generation and to take with good grace the slings and arrows and occasional bouquets that are the reward of a prophet.

ARTHUR LISMER. *October on the North Shore, Lake Superior, 1927*

The National Gallery of Canada





ARTHUR LISMER. *The Olympic with Returned Soldiers*

The National Gallery of Canada: Canadian War Memorials Collection

Lisner's Painting from 1913 to 1949 in Review

ANDREW BELL

THE Art Gallery of Toronto is to be warmly commended for its enterprise in organizing, within the short time lapse of less than fifteen months, a second retrospective show of the work of a living Canadian painter. In late 1948 the artist was Lawren Harris; in January 1950 it was Arthur Lismer. That both should have been original members of the Group of Seven underlines afresh the importance of that movement as a landmark in the development of honest art forms in Canada.

"Be Aware of Art" was the title of a recent talk about painting. With equal validity,

however, the description epitomizes the life and works of Arthur Lismer. It is, indeed, the key to his career. Lismer believes, as he always has, that art—the practice of it in the broadest atmosphere of freedom, and an awareness of its purposes among the largest possible number of people—is a basic need of a healthy society alert to truths. And this gospel of his he has lived unswervingly—as a painter, lecturer, above all as an educator.

The Lismer exhibition was a large one, comprising within it more than three hundred paintings, sketches and drawings and almost



ARTHUR LISMER. *Rocky Channel, McGregor Bay*

Laing Galleries, Toronto

exclusively landscapes. The examples are very accurate sign-posts along the thirty-six year road of this personal artistic journey. There are his first Toronto district ones; official First World War pictures; works from the Algoma, Georgian Bay, North Shore of Lake Superior, Rocky Mountain and Maritime areas. There are examples of the 1936-37 interlude in South Africa. The statement, in short, is as full as anyone could want.

An early painting is *The Guide's Home* (1914), a leafy, sunlit study, which we would now label pleasant, but pretty conventional. As a symbol of what we owe the Group of Seven, however, it has quite another significance. This painting along with others such as Jackson's *Northland*, and MacDonald's *The Tangled Garden* were during that period, jeered at and scorned. They were even rejected from exhibitions. Now they are owned by the nation, and hang in the National Gallery.

The best Lismer work, in the opinion of this reviewer, is unquestionably that which parallels the active years of the Group, that is from 1920 to 1933. These were the years when those dramatic canvases, with all their startling panoramic boldness, were done. This was the exciting time when Lismer and his comrades with brushes were doing what only good artists can do—wrenching away from their subjects new truths for everyone to see. It was the era of the Canadian declaration of artistic independence.

This wasn't Lismer's best period alone. The observation is equally valid for other Group members, which raises an interesting question. Do painters create better, with greater perception and force, within the interplay of inspiration a "movement" provides? Today there is an exceedingly promising movement afoot in Montreal. Elsewhere in Canada (with some notable exceptions) painting tends to be competent, but saying little new or strong.

A good case exists, I feel, for the thought that with artists, as with other people, the fully realized lone wolf is the exception!

But I digress. What does this Lismer summing up demonstrate? For me it was above everything else his continued preoccupation with, and facility for meeting, over so long a period, the challenge of pure design. That reducing to order and meaning of whatever may happen to be the subject is, of course, a first responsibility of the painter. Lismer meets this challenge with competence, and his work, in this sense, has valuable lessons not only for the inchoate painter, but also for everyone who would understand better the anatomy of the kind of Canada he has chosen to interpret in colour and line.

Another element that looms big is the courage of the man. It isn't just that some of the canvases are enormous, ranging to as much as forty-eight by approximately seventy-six inches. What counts rather was the determination of the painter to elect a range that would convey the great space, and the soaring, monumental qualities of the Canadian landscape. You shouldn't write Canada small, because our physical facts will not state themselves tellingly within such a compass. Lismer

was breaking new ground in explaining this truth. The time will soon come I hope when artists will be given the chance to relate his lesson to the even more appropriate medium of the mural.

Great art, according to one facetious definition, is like a hippopotamus. It is hard to describe, but you know it when you see it. Lismer, who is without a peer in Canada as an educator in art, calls himself "a Sunday painter". Certainly he would tartly deny any label of "great artist". The obvious rejoinder here is that he hasn't had the opportunity to find out. Canada unhappily has been, and still to a large extent remains, so blind to the importance of the painter, that even the best of them must earn their living in other fields.

But whatever may be the individual response to the position of Arthur Lismer as a painter, this retrospective show makes two sure points of immense value. The Group of Seven acted as a liberator of art in this country. Lismer, as a member of this Group and as an educator, has rendered a service for which Canadians, no matter what other art forms emerge in the future, should be thankful. For he helped to make us free.

ARTHUR LISMER

The Guide's Home

*The National Gallery
of Canada*



A Canadian Artist in Mexico

LEONARD BROOKS

WHEN I was back in Canada recently to arrange an exhibition of my painting, done during two years in Mexico, I was frequently asked, "What is the attraction which you and other artists seem to find in Mexico? We know you get away from our winters down there and we hear living is cheap, but there must be something more than that to make you rush back into exile again. Tell us really now, what will the artist and student find down there that they can't find in Canada?"

It is with some difficulty that I attempt now to answer these questions. Certainly practical considerations play a considerable part. But the real reasons why so many artists come here and return when the opportunity offers, are more subtle and much harder to explain. They are involved with temperaments and attitudes, a new and strange outlook on daily life. This "atmosphere" of the place is a bewildering hodge-podge which is exciting in itself. It is compounded of a culture more remote than the pre-Columbian, of Indian mysticism, and an overlay of Spanish influence dating from the sixteenth century. Mexico is today striving to catch up with the modern world, and everywhere this struggle is revealed in odd contrasts between old Mexico and the new.

The plastic arts, too, are affected by this struggle. On one hand we have the Instituto Polytecnico in Mexico City experimenting in the newest industrial media for easel painting. Outside murals are being done with silicon paints which will withstand the blow-torch. Pictures are painted with vinylite, pyroxilin and other synthetic plastics by some of the foremost men, Siqueiros, Merida, also by many of the younger painters. The mural at the new Normal School was finished in silicon by Orozco shortly before his death. On the opposite side of the fence we find miles of pretty pictures painted in the Spanish academic style of fifty years ago. Strong and vital sculpture can be seen in the public parks and buildings, alongside very naked, banal nudes.

But it is away from Mexico City and the larger centres, back in the towns and villages that the creative artist finds most to interest him. The capital is rapidly becoming so cosmopolitan that it is losing its original flavour. Many of the conclusions I have reached about Mexico have been drawn from the town where I have been living, San Miguel de Allende, and I also have been lucky enough to have managed numerous trips by means of jeep, railway and on foot into many other coastal and inland regions.

When R. York Wilson arrived here from Canada for a six-month stay, I was interested to see how he would react to this different life. Perhaps I am an incurable romanticist, I thought, and my liking for this life, after more than two years here, is a form of escapism.

One morning, Wilson and I drove some twelve miles out of town to see the church and shrine of Atotonilco. We got out in the cluster of dusty, adobe houses strung about the church walls. We could have gone no further down the road for we arrived at the precise instant the leading figures of a *percegrinación* came into sight. Gay banners and pictures of the Virgin on long poles held by wailing women fluttered in the wind. We stood aside and watched the double line of over three thousand women, young and old, shuffle by us.

Dark-skinned *Indio* faces wrapped in shawls with straw hats on top moved solemnly by. The women wore brilliant, tattered skirts, faded orange, dull cobalt blue blouses, and carried heavy sack bundles hung with clay pots and flowers. Many walked barefoot, falling to their knees in the final moment of exaltation. They had survived the arduous of the long trek, sleeping by the road, and now were but a few hundred yards from the heart of the sanctuary itself. Here and there in the throng we glimpsed the dark head of a child hung on its mother's back in a *rebozo*. Occasionally the faces of young girls, serious and fanatic-eyed, passed by, framed in white frills and orange blossoms.

There was an intensity and unreality about the procession which permeated the very air about us. We two strangers took off our hats and listened to the thin, shrill wail. Such poverty, such blind faith, such dignity in the rags and bare feet! What impulse would gather all these women and send them from their miserable adobe hovels to seek purification in penance? For two weeks they would be enclosed in the shrine, living on little more than tortillas and beans.

I knew how Wilson felt. It is rather a jump from Bay Street to the dusty shrine road. I felt much the same way when I painted a picture of my first Day of the Dead two years ago. Again, it is one of those things which are hard to put down in cold print. Perhaps a Mexican can explain my reactions best. For example, Antonio Rodriguez, writing in *El Nacional* of these paintings of mine when they were exhibited in Mexico City said: "Brooks has interpreted the tremendous shock



LEONARD
BROOKS
*Mexican
Village*
Water colour

And this in Mexico, where, but a few years ago, the revolution swept over the land and a priest could not be seen on the streets.

Wilson went on staring. "Why don't you paint it?" I asked.

He went on staring. How to paint those lined, dark faces? How to put down anything in paint which could produce that mood of timelessness? Orozco, knowing all these things too well, would have done it, with deep feeling tinged with bitterness, in his early days.

We watched for a time, got back into the car and drove back to town not talking much.

Nordic sensibilities have felt when coming in contact with certain realities of Mexican life. For instance, the philosophical attitude of our people toward death as seen in San Miguel Graveyard."

This then, is part of that reality which lies beneath the tourist Mexico, which moves and disturbs the artist from another land. Two thousand years ago, artists were working on this soil producing a mature art. Most of it that is left is in the form of sculpture, from the well-preserved carvings on the huge pyramids to the small clay figurines and stone



*Group of Women
Pilgrims Crossing
River. One of a series
of Mexican photographs
by Reva Brooks
(Mrs. Leonard Brooks)*

LEONARD BROOKS. *On a Fiesta Day.* Water colour



carvings of household gods. It is still possible to scratch the surface of earth mounds and find many fine examples of these smaller works. I have a box of Mayan baked clay objects, including a small, pierced, bell-shaped flute, which I picked up in half an hour of digging in the bad-lands of the Balsas River.

Many of the Mexican artists are ardent collectors and students of this primitive art; Tamayo, Covarrubias, Siqueiros and others have been influenced by it.

This love of design has come down over the centuries and can be found among the peons today, who use many of the symbols of ancient times without realizing their source. On the colourful dance costumes worn on fiesta days in our village, it is possible to sort out the true Aztec design from the chaos of modernized, self-invented figurations.

This desire for colour expresses itself in odd and often garish ways. Long ago the Catholic church allowed the *Indio* to adapt and modify his primitive taste to the solemnity of the church ritual. There is a favourite chapel of mine some twenty miles from here where the altar and decorations are cared for by the villagers. It is rather startling to find the Crucifix, with the carved brown figure of the Christ clad in a shiny sateen pair of panties of violent purple, trimmed with orange lace!

These villagers also have an urge to make and keep visual records of the daily incidents of their life and religion. For example, I have now been able to build up a large collection of hand-modelled clay figures which sell in street markets for about three cents apiece. Everything is depicted here from an Adam and Eve in a bright pink to a rather gory specimen showing a peon having his entrails picked out by a pair of evil-eyed vultures. Others describe domestic duties, women making tortillas, washing clothes, riding burros to market with their loads.

On the Day of the Dead in November, the market stalls exhibit the handiwork of the confectioner who creates stylized lambs, angels, corpses in coffins and skulls, which are occasionally good enough to be cast in something more permanent than sugar. We kept several figures for some weeks but then they fell prey to a colony of ants.

Certainly this love of representation of familiar things does not exist just for the poor. In Mexico City, Wilson was overwhelmed by the number of copiously illustrated magazines and periodicals for sale on the news-stands, most of which had several pages devoted to reproductions of paintings and drawings.

It is interesting to compare this with the space given to culture in our Canadian newspapers, where the arts may find a column or two on Saturdays, if other news does not crowd it out.

The artist at once looks deeper than the tourist, avoiding the few resorts where the real Mexico is hidden under gaudy serapes and over-size sombreros. He learns that life goes on in parts of Mexico much as it did centuries ago. He plunges into the rhythms of a culture which force him to revalue his own efforts. His function as an artist becomes clearer; he is not an oddity, a creature on the fringe of a civilization which hardly needs him.

Naturally, he is likely to look back, with a searching eye, upon his own background and his own country, for the artist coming here from another country finds his old standards shaken up badly. But this is a refreshing stimulus. If he happens to be a Canadian, he will not be able to resist comparing his own land with Mexico, and he will reflect that both countries have as a neighbour, the United States, with its strong influences. Like Canada, Mexico is developing rapidly into a nation in her own right. She is engaged in modern, industrial expansion by her own people, after years of foreign control. Her contemporary, national culture has had barely fifty years of expression, for before this time painting was, as in Canada, an expression of a Colonial attitude.

But when we consider the position of the artists and other creative workers, we find there is little similarity between Canada and Mexico. In the midst of trying to educate the masses, in her struggle for modernization, Mexico has had the instinct and the good sense to preserve and develop her culture.

The artist finds himself accepted as part of her expansion and growth, as important to the nation as the engineer and the scientist who are everywhere. Part of this comes as a

result of these men having lived and fought through the bloody days of the revolution and then afterwards having dedicated themselves to the peaceful, progressive task of expressing Mexico's hopes for a better world. Art became something to live and fight for, it became alive and warm, and it has survived the destructive effects of what might have been mere propaganda.

The intensity of the period, when Rivera had to finish his murals with a revolver at his side to protect himself from the wrath of those who disagreed with him, is gone. But the tradition remains that the artist is someone of worth, that his place is not simply on the fringe of the nation's life. Hence, it is not difficult for the young Mexican artist to believe in himself and his work. Even the foreign artist, who visits here, finds himself caught in the rays of this understanding, which is so vital and alive.

As I grew to know the Mexicans, from the *ranchero* to the intellectual in the city, I began to feel like a Canadian prophet in the wilderness. To explain that Canada was something more than the second largest supplier in the world of Mexico's needs, exporting "Canadian Club" whisky, cattle, canned meat, became an obsession with me.

"Who," I am frequently asked, "are your painters, your writers, and musicians?"

I go through the discouraging business of naming names. "Group of Seven, Thomson, Morrice, Cullen, Comfort, Pellán, etc., etc." Almost no one has heard of them or seen their work. I show them what reproductions are available and pass out Canadian art catalogues as if I were a gallery attendant. Why? Why do we in Canada know so much about the artists of the rest of the world while other countries know so little about ours? I couldn't make the excuse that we were only twelve million people, a poor country, an unenlightened people chopping down trees or mining gold; that we were not only a colony of Europe, but were also taking our culture surreptitiously from our neighbour to the South. I couldn't tell them that many of us in Canada were blighted by a feeling of inferiority in regard to our own efforts, that many of us would rather hang on to the skirts

of Europe still, or bathe in the reflected glow of schools of painting precious in their decay; that we were a country tolerating our artists as an afterthought. All these things would be an insult to myself, and would not be presenting the whole story. Why then have we not been able to breed one great artist, at least, who might represent Canada at her best across the world of creative art? Or have we that talent somewhere, insulated, tucked away, waiting for the day when our work will go out into the world to compete with the finest?

I asked that same question on my trip back to Canada and no one seemed to know, and many cared less. There was even some resentment because I felt strongly as a Canadian artist about Canadian art. I was told that we should be satisfied and self-sufficient and carry on in our own way. Some day the millennium would arrive.

I did not believe this then and I do not believe it now. I do not think we need apologize to anyone for the quality and integrity of our painters. But I do think we should do something about the anonymity which cloaks their work. The efforts of the creative worker should be circulated in a larger field where they will meet a wider range of contemporary appreciation and criticism.

It is good to read of the agencies set up to investigate our cultural life. In a recent Canadian periodical it is written that something will be done about supporting the National Gallery in a practical way, so that those who are in charge of sending out exhibitions from Canada can be helped to expand their work. It is splendid to know that sufficient ferment is at work in our country to bring out into the open the mutterings and dissatisfactions of our creative workers, even if it proves nothing more than that we have grown up and can afford to take, without shame, a good look at ourselves.

To sum up my experiences as a Canadian artist in Mexico, I would say once again that I believe the time has come when we artists and the men who govern our country must realize that it is just as important to export the work of our brains and hearts throughout the world, as it is to send forth the products of our factories.

Painter of Sensitive Vision

DONALD W. BUCHANAN

LILLIAN FREIMAN

Two Sisters



LIVING with her family in one of the closely built-up quarters of Montreal, Lillian Freiman early became accustomed to the congestion of urban life. From her first days as an art student, she developed a constant passion to draw people, alone or at work or play. Although nervous and reticent in disposition—a harsh word from one of her teachers at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts used to send her into tears—she would yet go, and this often and without any sense of shyness, to the noisy, busy docks, there to paint carters and stevedores at work loading or unloading the great freighters.

Later, with the help of well-to-do relatives in Ottawa, she was able to leave Montreal to attend the Art Students League in New York, and then in 1925 she went to France. But by now she had had enough of studios and of instructors. Her resolve was to get what she

could out of Paris by herself. So she frequented the museums where she soon discovered how congenial to her own vision were the paintings of Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec. When she wanted to sketch from life, she went to the markets, above all to the bird-market, for her subjects. Working among the crowds there, she would use a small pad of paper, and keeping half-hidden so as not to let those about her know they were being recorded, she would make minute and rapid notes. From these she later composed her studio canvases, one of which, *The Bird Market*, is now in the collection of the National Gallery of Canada.

The intensely felt lines of her drawing, now broken, now sinuous, were at first no more than an expression of the happiness she experienced before these scenes, but, gradually as she matured, she saw further, and through the nervous contours of her crayon and brush,



LILLIAN FREIMAN

*Chinese Mother
and Child*

*Drawing in
mixed media*

*Opposite:
The Circus
Drawing*

she began to underline, in addition, qualities both of mood and of character in the figures she portrayed.

Her art alone mattered to her. Previously in Montreal there had been so many other things which had had to come first, and it had never been easy for her to stand up to those who had thought she was wasting her time. But in Paris, she felt accepted and at home. Craving to be solitary in the midst of crowds, she found contentment in that city, with its life so conducive, as it was, to individuality in both thought and action. Following her own tastes, she acquired what she

wanted without paying much attention to the life of other students or to their discussions of modern art. Recently, however, now that she has been so long away from France, she says she has begun to wonder if she did not in those days remain too aloof from such arguments, if perhaps she did not miss something by not becoming aware earlier of the power and significance of men such as Rouault, whose work today begins to compel her attention more and more.

As with so many other young Canadian artists abroad, the threat of war in 1938 forced her to return to Canada. She lived for a year





LILLIAN FREIMAN

*The Bird
Market*

*Collection:
Mr. and Mrs.
Walter Weil,
New York*

or so in Toronto, but she claims she could not adjust herself to the sober atmosphere of that city and to its somewhat self-conscious artistic life. Discontented there, she painted little. Finally, when she was in the very doldrums of creative activity, she managed to obtain enough money from relatives to allow her to visit New York, and that visit has now turned into a sojourn of ten years. But a sojourn only it continues to be, for her dreams are still of Paris.

In the meantime, her work becomes better known generally through the interest taken in it by collectors and critics in New York.

For instance, Dr. Julius S. Held, writing of it a few years ago, said: "The harmonies which she creates have the mellow and nostalgic sweetness of a tune remembered from childhood. Her forms are sometimes well defined and sometimes amorphous, and hence seem to create an existence which is neither fully concrete nor wholly ethereal. What holds them together is the same purity of lyrical feeling, so manifest in her graceful, linear rhythms and her iridescent colours. Her drawing occasionally has the masterly economy and grandeur of a renaissance artist."

While the tense atmosphere of Manhattan might not have been expected to be congenial to her temperament, she has, nevertheless, discovered, in the neighbourhood of her studio on Eighth Avenue, subjects in which she finds that same quiet joy which once the markets and faubourgs of Paris alone could have offered her. For example, she has made friends in a nearby tenement with a Chinese family, which still retains its oriental traditions. Talking with the mother and father, playing with their children, she slyly sketches them, as they sit at table or work at household tasks, without allowing them to be conscious that she is depicting their faces, for they have a strange and superstitious fear of being drawn. Afterwards in her studio, she does larger compositions, some in oil, based on these sketches. The best ones are of round-faced

and wide-eyed children and of their pets, two sleek and sleepy cats.

As her drawing has become more subtle and complicated in its elements, so also have the materials and techniques she uses. Working with mixtures of crayon and inks, of both opaque and transparent washes, with pencil too, and sometimes charcoal, she gains from various combinations of these media her most satisfying effects. She also does smaller ink and wash drawings, the best of which to date have been of circus scenes or of a gypsy band. This vagabond orchestra, which plays from time to time on street corners near by, delights her greatly and she is now attempting some large and more elaborate compositions based upon her sketches of these players. Most of her work is relatively spontaneous, but she is also willing to ponder and meditate at length

LILLIAN FREIMAN. *Street Song*



in her studio upon those larger canvases which emerge more slowly from her brush.

Most of her New York friends are to be found either among her poorer neighbours or among musicians. That great musical centre, Carnegie Hall, has become her favourite haunt in recent years. There, every week or so, when important rehearsals are being held, she will sit half hidden in the partially darkened auditorium and work with great speed on large and lyrically conceived sketches of violinists, of conductors, or of singers, like Marian Anderson. These quickly and sensitively executed paintings, with their combination of grace in drawing and realism of atmosphere, are reminiscent of Degas' pastels of ballet-dancers or of Toulouse-Lautrec's studies of stage and opera and cabaret performers, but they possess at the same time a

nervousness of her own and a modernity of mood.

In her studio, helping to keep alive her memories of Paris, are bird cages, hanging from the ceiling—a score or more of them of enamelled metal or lacquered wood, in gay colours and odd shapes. Beneath them, piled up in great stacks, are her drawings and canvases amassed over many years. Although there is now an increasing demand for all her works, she still is loath to part with many of those she considers best. Her friend, the late Pegi Nicol MacLeod, once related how she came upon Lillian weeping in a corner of a dealer's gallery on 57th Street, in New York, where an exhibition of her pictures was being held. The reason for her tears, she finally explained, was that most of the paintings, which she had allowed to be placed on view, had been sold.

The Difficult Art of Caricature

ROBERT LA PALME

The following are extracts from an address delivered by the noted French-Canadian caricaturist, Robert La Palme, of Montreal. These extracts have been translated with his permission by the editors.

WHAT is art? Larousse says: "Application of knowledge to the realization of a concept." And it is false! When He created the world, God did not make a work of art, not at all. Art is the application of knowledge to the realization of the deformation of a known object. God did not make a work of art when He created the world, but He did when He created man in His own image and, since nothing is impossible to Him, carried the perfection of His work as far as the caricatures you see around you every day.

Caricature is a difficult art. I speak of good caricature, of course, for obviously there are good and bad caricaturists. It is an art not possible to everyone. Take, for example, the infant prodigy. He may draw Picassos, balance equilibriums like Calder, compose sonatas like Mozart, juggle with symbols like Pascal, write verses like Rimbaud and with Guy de Fontgallant work miraculous cures. But to make

a caricature that will sum up a situation and catch physical and moral likenesses, no! To do that you have to be grown up; that is to say, you must have acquired your quota of imperfections so that you can perceive them in others.

History has no record of a child caricaturist. I would go so far as to say that caricature is a divine calling in that it separates man from the beast. We know that the birds are musicians, the beavers engineers, the bees mathematicians and the ants politicians, but not one of these animals or insects can reproduce its own image, to say nothing of deforming it.

If the capacity to draw proves the superiority of man, because it sheds light on his faculty of interpretation, the caricaturist who creates a new object of interpretation must know himself to be, in all humility, of course, the superior of the mere draughtsman. To

bring home my point, let me show you how drawing and painting, having achieved a wonderful photographic perfection, have had to run back to caricature to mark out a new line of progress.

From Leonardo da Vinci to Prud'hon, the knowledge of perspective and anatomy had revealed all the secrets. Nothing was to be added. Painting was on the way to its death.

Ingres, thirsting for novelty and perfection, began to deform; then came Manet; then it was Toulouse-Lautrec, who risked going further; at last, Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh went so far in the same vein that by the time we reach Picasso and Beckman the art of drawing has acquired such a liberty of interpretation that one is tempted to believe that if it is to grow it must model itself on caricature.



ROBERT
LA PALME

*Caricature of
the poet, Robert
Choquette*

*For the cover
of La Nouvelle
Relève, Montreal*



ROBERT LA PALMIE. *Cover design*

Caricature of the comedian, Fridolin (Gratien Gélinas)

Courtesy: La Nouvelle Relève, Montreal



ROBERT LA PALME. *Salon du printemps: "Chut! Chut! Voilà les automatistes!"*

Cartoon for Le Canada

Take a picture by Matisse or Miro; carry it back to the eighteenth century, then look at it with the eyes of Saint-Simon and tell me if you can see in it anything else than caricature, except that it lacks the intention of being amusing.

Today such painting is common. We are surrounded by caricatures that don't happen to be funny. Hard pressed by the painters making the most of what they have had the good luck to find, the caricaturist sees himself driven to dream of something new.

A galaxy of young artists who are ignorant of it or who would not dare admit it to themselves are making caricatures without knowing it. They have, like the caricaturists, the same desire to deform, to re-create rather, within the bounds of harmony, things created gratuitously under the control of a poetic will. But the superiority of the caricature is in this: it knows what it is doing, it takes to itself the difficulty of showing resemblances in deformation, and it introduces that touch of intelligence which is humour. You will find in good

caricatures the same aesthetic qualities which you look for in good painting. Alas, it is an old prejudice, as old as fear, that to be great you have to be deadly serious, even dull.

It is, however, so easy to be serious, so hard to be funny, especially in these times. All of us have a heap of moral and physical boredom to forget. It is all the more necessary to pull ourselves out of the mess, above everything, to laugh. It takes a mighty effort and few are those who succeed. That's why we have but one Fridolin for a thousand tragedians, one comic film for a thousand radio tragedies, and one comedy for a thousand soap operas. Admit with me then that a good caricaturist who works in a progressive and lively style would be better company than a good painter without the joy of life.

Art for art's sake is a formula as empty and arid as gold for the sake of gold. When gold doesn't do anything for you, it is of no value. How can it be otherwise with art? You may be sure that art has always been of use, except in the unhappy nineteenth century.

Primitive man in his cave decorated his walls with strokes unaffected and delicate, recalling the exploits of the hunters and the warriors. When society was organized, art entered the service of the Throne and the Altar. The Egyptians used it to pay homage to their dead, the Greeks to deify beauty, the Romans to celebrate their triumphs. Then, in the Middle Ages, the anonymous artist worked on the great cathedrals. The gorgeous princes of the Renaissance had recourse to art to show off the glory of their power.

But the Revolution ushered in the era of the bourgeois which transformed art into a luxury without educational or social value. The artists became the parasites we know so well, tolerated as entertainers without importance, always satisfied with the crumbs that fell from the table. The word "artist" came to be used in a derogatory sense. "Ah, he is an artist!" people exclaimed, pointing out some poor distracted fool.

Today, slowly, art seems to be regaining its place in the sun. Mercury, god and king, is discovering in it a servant as strong as he is devoted. Art has put itself in the service of Business. Enlisted in the battalion of Publicity, it fights according to the intelligence of its officers. Publicity summons to its aid all the arts: music, painting, sculpture, design and above all, much caricature. This last which formerly seldom served anything but politics, is quite pleased to be admitted into the new world. And as she grows fat in this employment, caricature begins to be respected. She comes out in the most beautiful colours, which is a new thing for her. In the past, scarcely anyone but Rowlandson and Hogarth worked in colour, but today we meet caricature in colour in all the best magazines. She sells a thousand and one products and, strangest thing of all, she does it with a smile.

The Caricaturist is the Only Artist Who Creates without Hope of Love

Why does the artist struggle to create, often without hope of immediate recompense? Many of them scorn to enter the service of Business. All their lives they live in indigence and they seem to be happy. They work, they have always worked, not to become rich or power-

ful but solely to win your admiration. And as they know that admiration is the door to the heart, we can say without fear of contradiction that artists work for love.

To be loved! To be loved, you will find painters struggling with a landscape, turning out academic pot-boilers that are truer than nature. Others, the automatists, aided by Freud, seek to take your hearts by surprise by creating surrealist abstractions which, if I have understood their explanations, are neither abstract nor surrealist.

To help you understand the subtle nuances which make all the difference between automatism and surrealism, here is a supplement of explanations as clear as it is final. The surrealist theory of André Breton is that the subconscious dictates to the genius in gestation. However, the automatists despise Breton and his theory and leave their *libido* or their subconscious to guide their hand which, as it happens at this moment, is no longer a hand but a mobile abstraction which automatically composes evidences of glorious conjecture in which the possible expression tends toward a representative deployment of the relations divested in the presence of material reality as compared with a free vibration of a subconscious made anxious by the monochrome flags with autonomous appearances evolving a desiccating affirmation of atheist liberties of the peduncle screwed in space between two mirrors.

These explanations, which I owe to a young automatist playwright, are clear. However, I admit with shame that my ego remains disturbed, even alarmed!

I am more familiar with the "Prisme d'Yeux", who at least have a theory long since proven in Europe and which serves as a springboard to the conquest of our hearts. To make themselves liked, these children of love, disciples of a school with a name of theogonic harmony, paint their gyratory pictures which have the inestimable merit of being always in place, having no precise meaning.

What will the artists not invent to attract astonished looks to themselves and force hearts open? We know architects who build skyscrapers on stilts, sculptors who break

glass or twist wire and sheets of iron into those mobile contraptions which they present to us as works of art. And we admire them! The artist knowing himself admired knows he is loved! He is paid! Too bad for him that this money does not satisfy the landlord or the grocer!

Somewhere in his journal, André Gide has noted that the devil of vanity is always perched on the shoulder of the creator. At each fine turn of phrase from his pen, the preacher writing his sermon feels the villain's breath on his cheek. The doctor who discovers a new disease or the surgeon who grafts a piece of skin on a patient's face without leaving a scar, enjoys the sweet satisfaction of deserving our admiration, thus our love! Doesn't God, the supreme creator, in return

for His creation, demand all our love? Why then should it be otherwise with the mortal artist? Look at the comedian or the virtuoso preening himself for his entrance, look at him swallowing the applause with rapture!

All this is to make you see the paradox which must be the lot of the caricaturist. It is the very nature of his craft to insult his contemporaries by ridiculing their costumes and manners as well as their sacred faces! To win your love he must scheme to betray your most secret weaknesses. He will give you a long pointed nose, without apparently the slightest respect for the high moral situation you occupy. The caricaturist is the only artist who creates without hope of love. So doing he achieves the perfect act, which is the disinterested act.

THOMAS ROWLANDSON. *A Meeting of the Jockey Club at Newmarket*

The National Gallery of Canada



A Meeting of the Jockey Club at Newmarket

T. Rowlandson

Unlimited Self-Expression — A Comment on Some Recent Paintings from the United States

BEATRICE KORNER

ALTHOUGH we in Canada are familiar with the material aspects of United States civilization, the spiritual reverse of the medal still remains strange to us. Our Canadian poetry and painting has been on the whole not urban; the murmurs of British Columbia forests combined with the songs of Old England and the various shreds of our heritage (New France, Nova Scotia, the United Empire Loyalists) have resulted in an *ambiance*, quite removed from the drug-store pathos or the desert loneliness of much of American life.

A chance to become better acquainted with such spiritual values as may be reflected in American art was recently given to many of us when the large exhibition "Contemporary Paintings from Great Britain, the United States and France" was shown at the Art Gallery of Toronto at the end of 1949 and afterwards, on a somewhat reduced scale, at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts and the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa.

If it be true, as some say, that American

painting presents in microcosm the complexities and the turmoils of our day, how then are we to sort out the conflicting impacts, the paradoxes, the sharp delights and the sour notes which go to make up the impression obtained from this particular selection of contemporary work from the United States?

By way of comment, the best we can do is to isolate those paintings which have left the most lasting image in our memory and which together make up what harmony there is in this symphony of painting. For it is curious how one is reminded here of music—Stravinsky, Gershwin and Louis Armstrong,—you can hear them all in these colours and forms. Paul Burlin's *Jazz in Heaven* could well be a half-serious, half-humorous comment on the whole show, with its bedraggled angel playing on a half-melted cello before a group of people writhing in a horrified sort of ecstasy. With Stuart Davis' *Ursine Park* we find ourselves in the midst of the American universe. The

STUART DAVIS. *Ursine Park*.

Collection: International Business Machines Corporation, New York



familiar bits of American scenery—the hot-dog stand, the garish posters, the gas station, are re-arranged in a bold, clear and gaily unconscious composition. Davis is one of the most coherent and mature of the American artists; he is hard, anti-romantic and wears his intellectual armour lightly. The order he creates in his canvases is easily understandable. He bewails no social system, conveys no message, other than the belief in his own highly personal language and the value of his improvisations. Davis is practically the only painter who has succeeded in creating works of art out of the *positive* elements of the American consciousness—the aggressiveness, cockiness and taste for experiment. The others, as we shall see, have been attracted much more by what is subterranean, as it were, in the contemporary scene.

The antithesis of Davis is given us by Abe Rattner, who is perhaps one of the giants of American painting. Like Davis, he has adopted an original language to express the metamor-

phoses current today, fusing his reactions into a new realism. Rattner seems to have profited profoundly by his years in France, for the craftsmanship of paintings such as *Clowns and Kings* is extraordinary. The intensity of his religious and ethical feelings is sustained by the brilliant, luminous radiance of his colours and the rhythm of the planes and angles. The melancholy figures emerge out of a blue darkness into a light that seems to come partly from a studio lamp and partly from mysterious moons somewhere in the picture. That potential richness which lurks behind the almost primitive enthusiasm of some of the more sensitive of American painters is revealed in Rattner's own words:

"The artist seeks to feel the wave length, so to speak, of life's living forces, aspirations—the amplitude of its promise, meaning the throb of its particular joys and sorrows—its vitality, its weakness, its power, its sensitiveness, its transcendent qualities, its damning handicaps—the principle of its cohesion, its



ABRAHAM RATTNER

Clowns and Kings

Collection:
A. P. Rosenberg & Co.,
New York

form. The artist responds to these forces at work in the particular way of his particular time. The painter feels and expresses this in paint. In the very quality of the paint, in the pigment itself, more so than via any esthetic formula, he impregnates the paint with this particular response."

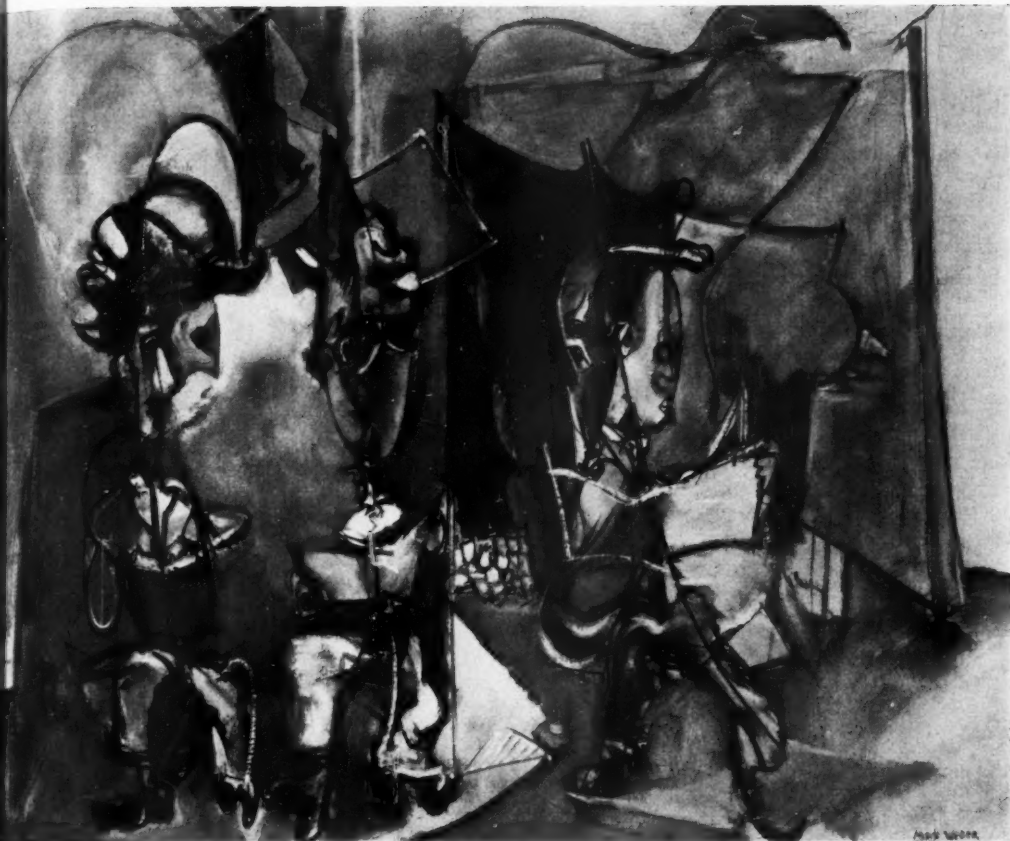
Lest we give the impression that American art is all crescendos, we should also spend some time among the minor melodies. *Monday Morning* by Arthur Osver is a cheerful composition of fluttering squares that makes light of the washday blues. *The Wounded Seagull* is one of Morris Graves less successful works, somewhat murky and indefinite in comparison to the finer and better known *Little Bird of the Inner Eye*, which was hung in Toronto but which was not available for showing elsewhere in Canada. Yasuo Kuniyoshi's *Look, It Flies* has the familiar charm that borders on the saccharine, with a good deal of airy space and beige-coloured elegance. Jackson Pollock provides spice to the exhibition with his puzzler, *The Cathedral*, a canvas covered with thick streaks and solidified trickles of paint and other unidentified substances creating an appetizing texture and pattern in yellow, red, silver and black.

Before we reach a final crescendo there is a sustained *forte*, intoned by the more classic of these painters. No picture of American art would be complete without John Marin and his matchless water colours. This one, *Movement, Boat, Sea, Rocks and Sky, Maine*, is as sonorous and evocative as its title. In a way, Marin has done for the American landscape what Davis has done for the urban scene. The coast of Maine, Marin's habitat, symbolizes the eternal, immovable presence of the vast country that can only be conquered by the mobility of man's spirit. The clean geometry and atmospheric dimensions of mountains and sea are recreated in a few sharp lines and blurs of colour. Lyonel Feininger's *Pearly Day* has much less grandeur and less immediate impact, but much fragile appeal. There is also Irene Rice Pereira with her intricate and always fascinating ventures into the world of texture and geometry. She satisfies the mind with an intellectual exercise entitled *Oblique Progression*.

We come at last to the most troublesome group of American painters—those who deal with the people of their country, by portraying human beings directly, or by letting objects created by people speak for them in mute evidence. The commentary ranges from the pathetic to the vitriolic, but nowhere is the human being a creature of dignity. The equivalent of the anti-humanist attitude is found both in American and French literature. Steinbeck and Céline represent the older, naturalist school; Faulkner, Tennessee Williams and Sartre speak for the youth of today. The French have coined a descriptive expression to fit the mood: *littérature noire* and *humour noir* (think of Steinberg's cartoons). Painting has been slower and less successful in taking up the theme, side-tracked as it has been by surrealism (Max Ernst's *Temptation of St. Anthony* remains as a witness to a doomed venture) and literal social comment, such as Levine's *Autobiography* which, to my mind, is also a failure, in spite of its dash. Max Weber, with a broader vision and quixotic humour, has made a far more valid contribution to American art. His *Three Literary Gentlemen* is sophisticated and bears the imprint of a personal style, a style, however, that has something tired and shop-worn about it. Yet, perhaps that anaemic tiredness is what makes for part of its appeal. It is the weariness of the city child, the nocturnal poet, the dusty traveller and all the restless souls of our generation. These puppets have the tragic dignity of clowns.

I have saved for the last the most explosive painter, who comes close to having the ultimate word among his compatriots. Stanley Hayter is a relative new-comer to the recognized group of American artists, but one who has entered the ranks without any timidity. *Death of Clytemnestra* consists of a large yellow canvas covered with a violent scrawl in black and red, which contains two serenely leering faces, like those drawn by children: terrible and innocent. But don't be deceived; an entirely un-childlike discipline holds the composition together and no mere doodlings are the intricate lines, scribbled surely by a brush held in a clenched fist. The black humour has here found a most adequate vocabulary. I cannot imagine going farther in

Some deal
tray-
ting
in in
from
re is
The
e is
ture.
lder,
Wil-
day.
pres-
and
ons).
ssful
has
tion
to a
ent,
my
Max
otic
ibu-
ary
im-
ver,
out
what
ness
asty
our
agic



MAX WEBER. *Three Literary Gentlemen*

Collection: A. P. Rosenberg & Co., New York

the statement of the paradoxical: the intention is mockery, but somehow the bitterness is spent before the final result is reached, and the gay colour triumphs. Above all, Hayter employs visual means only to disturb us; there is no attempt at pathos or literal reference.

A few remarks still remain to be made about American art in general. Confronted with these, on the whole, highly subjective works it is difficult to remain objective and draw a cool balance between vices and virtues. Also this particular collection, good as it is, is still by no means comprehensive. Some important figures have been left out; some less significant movements have perhaps been over-emphasized. Yet one characteristic stands out which is not peculiar to these works alone, but which is common to nearly all American

art (or culture, if you like). This is the belief in unlimited self-expression, the only tradition all Americans share, from Whitman to Hayter; it is a self-expression which inevitably leads to self-analysis in art, or to analysis of material things in science and politics. Yet this passion for self-expression does not always stand unchallenged, for we must not forget that the United States is also the country of puritanism with its resulting urge to provide a moral justification for every action. The expressing and analysing are therefore seldom done for the sheer joy of it. But if the American painter is excluded, for this reason, from the company of a Renoir, a Titian or a Bonnard, on the other hand he is spared, to a large extent, the temptations of empty formalism, which today beset so many of his European brothers.



Coast to Coast in Art

GORDON MACNAMARA

Hibiscus, 1949

Water colour

The Picture Loan Society in Toronto opened a winter series of small exhibitions with a first one-man showing of Gordon MacNamara's water colours. This was followed by exhibitions of lithographs and dry-points by Jack Nichols and water colours by David Milne.

British Columbia holds its First Graphic Art Exhibition

What, in this artistic day of loosening categories and mixed techniques, is graphic art? The Vancouver Art Gallery, for its recent first British Columbia graphic exhibition, narrowed the field in one direction, by specifying that entries must be in black and white. (Incidentally, the folly of attempting to characterize works by some superficiality of technique rather than by intention was demonstrated by the inclusion of several works which, though in black and white, were emphatically painterly rather than graphic in intention). It further stipulated that the entries must conform to one of three standard sizes and proportions, a maximum measurement being thirty inches. These restrictions were announced

well in advance and it is doubtful that many exhibitors were excluded as a result. But since the experimentative temperament may express itself in colour and in size as well as by other visual means, they automatically announced that the exhibition would lack some of the extremes of experimentation which is one indication of the vitality of activity behind any show.

More important, however, was the fact that within the traditional black and white media, imaginative work was presented.

Among the arresting entries were the following: Don Jarvis' wash drawings of street scenes, Bruno Bobak's wood engravings and linocuts, James Johnston's conté drawing of a boy, Joan Boyd's figure drawing in ink, Alistair Bell's

woodcut of boats and Joseph Plaskett's pastel still life.

Certainly this first graphic show in British Columbia of British Columbia artists indicates a real interest in the integral qualities of draughtsmanship.

The Alberta Society of Artists Turns Publisher

A regional art quarterly, *Highlights*, the organ of the Alberta Society of Artists, made its modest debut as a mimeographed publication with inserted pages of reproductions in the spring of last year. This March it has its first birthday and deserves a tribute on this occasion not only for the energy and devotion which must go into its production, on the part of the editor, J. McL. Nicoll and his associates, but also because of its liveliness and its recent improvements. Its December, 1949, issue had a generous number of full-page linocuts and lithographs which provided an excellent guide to contemporary graphic art in Alberta. Among the prints included, L. O. Lindoe's lithograph in black and red of bulls in a show-ring is particularly attractive for the simplicity of its design and treatment.

Winnipeg's Contemporary Art Group

The Winnipeg Contemporary Art Group is composed of a number of young Winnipeg artists, both students and graduates, who in the fall of 1948 banded themselves together to discuss mutual problems, exchange criticism and advice, and to plan projects which would bring their work to the attention of as large a number of the public as possible. They hope, by so doing, to make their contribution towards the attainment—to use their own words—"of that ideal state where art will be appreciated by all and achieve its ultimate purpose, the enrichment of our daily lives."

To date, they have held exhibitions in the department store of the Hudson's Bay Company, in the local art gallery and at the University of Manitoba. In addition, a down-town drug store in Winnipeg, operated by Sam Saidman, himself an amateur painter, exhibits paintings done by Group members on its walls. Customers at this popular drug store on St. Mary's and the Mall, can fill their eyes with modern art while buying drugs and cosmetics and while eating "the blue plate special". Sam does not charge the artists any commission for selling their work. And he does sell it, too. Members of the Group are Stan Tebbutt, Takao Tanabe, Don Roy, Alex (Sandy) Coghill, Larry Bristow, Tony Tascona, and five

others who are at present doing advanced studies in art in other cities.

Each exhibition of the Winnipeg Contemporary Art Group has caused something of a controversy; that is because the paintings are novel in treatment but yet represent life as these young painters see it today.

Donald Jarvis in a One-Man Show

In his first one-man show of oils, water colours and drawings, held in December at the Vancouver Art Gallery and in January at the University of British Columbia, Donald Jarvis appears to have set forth upon a quest for a symbol which will express his sensibilities to form, colour and meaning, in a new way. The exhibition was made up of new work of his done either during a recent period of study in New York or since his return to Vancouver.

In all of three mediums employed, but most richly in his oils, his forms, which were once muted and tonal, now glow in rich intensities, while his meaning, now less obvious, remains deeply charged with an emotion which arises from the play of his imagination on his environment.

DONALD JARVIS. *Man Lighting a Cigarette*



The artist has made a great stride forward since his earlier work, but is wise enough to know that he is still "on the way".

In a short foreword to his catalogue, Mr. Jarvis has this to say of his work: "In the drawings I have departed from a literal transcription of appearances, and have selected and transposed from my impressions, in order that the resulting forms might register more forcefully. The same is true of the watercolours, except that in them there is also an attempt to capture something of the poetry which is to be found in streets seen under varying circumstances, in different kinds of weather, and at various times of day. . . . In the oil paintings I have attempted to carry through some of these beginnings into a more considered form, in keeping with the medium. . . ."

Promoting Sales of Paintings in Winnipeg

A recent article in this magazine described the holding of successful sales of paintings by the Women's Committees of the Toronto and Vancouver Art Galleries under the title "Other Communities Please Copy". Only a few months passed by before this advice was acted upon, to good effect, in Winnipeg.

In December, the Women's Committee of the Winnipeg Art Gallery initiated, as its first major project, a similar type of picture sale. Although it was organized chiefly to awaken public interest in the work of Manitoba painters, artists from other provinces were invited to contribute in order to make the exhibition more national in

scope. Of some two hundred paintings displayed, 20 were from outside Manitoba.

To ensure as much good-will as possible among prospective purchasers, prices were kept low. They ranged from \$10.00 to \$50.00, and a commission of only five per cent was charged to cover expenses. As a result, 79 pictures were sold.

A Canadian Art Collectors' Club

The rental of pictures on a monthly fee basis has been tried here and there in Canada, sometimes with success, as in Toronto by the Picture Loan Society and also in London, Ontario, by the Public Library and Art Museum. Elsewhere such schemes appear to have petered out, mainly for administrative reasons.

A variation of this principle, however, has now been devised in Calgary. This new method, in short, is one of subscription to a club, whereby each member pays \$10.00 a month and has the right, in return, to select on loan each month a different picture for hanging in his home or office. At the end of the year, the \$120.00 is credited to his account for the purchase of any painting or paintings he may wish to acquire. If he wishes to withdraw from membership after a certain period, he may do so and receive back his payments less certain deductions which are equivalent to a rental fee of \$2.00 a month.

Known as the "Canadian Art Collectors' Club", it is administered by the Canadian Art Galleries in that city. The method, however, is one which might also conceivably be taken up in adapted form by art federations and art societies elsewhere in Canada.

Contemporary Canadian Sculpture Shows More Caution than Experiment

In "Contemporary Canadian Sculpture", the first exhibition of this nature to have been held in many years at the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, an exceptional opportunity was given the public to see and judge the recent work of members of the Sculptors Society of Canada. The exhibition was on view during January and February.

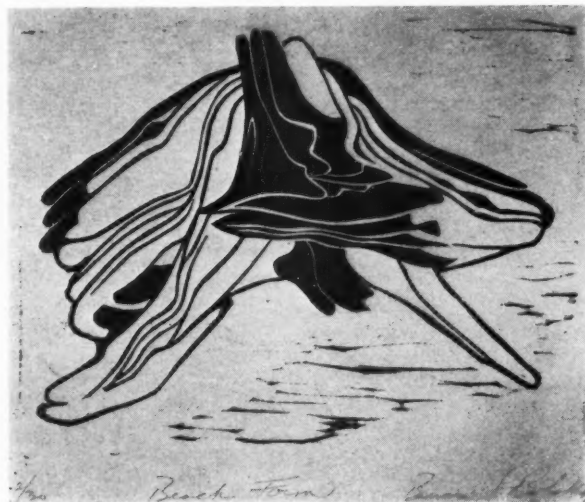
Compared with similar showings of modern Canadian paintings, this group of massive bas-reliefs, full-scale figures and smaller carvings appeared to be relatively cautious and conservative. The modelling was technically effective; yet, on the whole, the approach taken by most of these artists was too unassumingly naturalist to be regarded as "contemporary" in the more universal connotation of that term.

Our sculptors, of course, suffer from a lack of clientele. For this and other reasons, they do

BRUNO BOBAK.

Beach Form.

Linocut



ayed,
mong
low.
com-
d to
sold.

basis
ome-
cture
o, by
where
ainly

has
thod,
ereby
s the
nth a
e or
00 is
any
quire.
after
back
n are

club",
eries
which
apted
else-

the
held
nada,
given
ck of
The
and

modern
bas-
vings
serv-
ective;
most
ist to
uni-

ck of
y do



FRANCES LORING. *Refugees*. Plaster



ARMAND FILION. *Tête de faune*. Stone

not seem to have that continuous stimulus to creation which is so necessary to the building up of any sustained tradition.

The two sculptures in stone by Armand Filion of Montreal, derived as they were from a stern handling of unyielding material, demonstrated a greater clarity and precision of form than did most of the other works in the exhibition.

Perhaps, if these artists had the chance to do more work in stone or metal, a greater vitality might appear in their treatment of the materials used. Unfortunately, the sheer cost of cutting in stone or of casting in metal is too great for most Canadian artists to undertake. As a result, most of the items shown were modelled in plaster.

A certain number of sculptors, however, have been turning to wood. Here their carvings were almost uniformly good. In fact, they seem to be definitely exploring the possibilities of this medium and creating in it some of their most original works. This could be seen especially in those small carvings in sumac, *Rivers of America*, by Florence Wyle, the large wall relief, *Leda*

and the *Swan*, by Donald Stewart, the powerful *Head*, by Frances Loring, and that sensitively handled carving of a girl's back, entitled *Mahogany*, by Alvin Hilt.

Vancouver Presents a Design in Living Exhibition

At least three art museums on this continent have staged exhibitions concerning house designs and home furnishings within the past few months—proving that the good idea is never born singly.

In Vancouver, a "Design in Living" exhibition, sponsored by the Vancouver Community Arts Council drew large crowds during November when it was held at the local art gallery there. It also drew much criticism, some of it fair, some of it manifestly unfair.

In this exhibition an attempt was made to show how a house can be designed to suit the needs of a family, (never a large family), the members of which have individual needs and characteristics. In order to do this it was assumed that each of the four hypothetical families enjoyed a certain

DOMINION GALLERY

1448 ST. CATHERINE STREET WEST
MONTREAL

is the sole agent for Stanley Cosgrove
and Goodridge Roberts and for the
estates of Emily Carr and J. E. H.
MacDonald, R.C.A.

OVER 1,000 PAINTINGS BY WELL KNOWN
CANADIAN AND EUROPEAN ARTISTS ON SALE



H. MABEL MAY, A.R.C.A.

THREE SISTERS

CONTINENTAL GALLERIES

Paintings by

MORRICE — KRIEGHOFF — ARBUCKLE
GARSIDE — RIORDON — BOUCHARD

and other Leading Canadian and European Artists

1450 DRUMMOND STREET

MONTREAL

Paintings by the most important members of the R.C.A. as well as works of art by
old and contemporary European masters.

WEST END ART GALLERY

1015 SHERBROOKE STREET WEST, NEAR PEEL, MONTREAL

Telephone LA. 0356

Collections taken on consignment

income, possessed a stated capital, and was prepared to use that capital in the building of a home to cost a determined sum.

In the light of this psychological and factual information, four young architects of the city proceeded to draw plans and specifications which were blue-printed and exhibited alongside a full-size three-dimensional layout of a section of a furnished room in each of the four houses planned.

Each section of the four rooms, by the character and function of its furnishings, was designed to convey the atmosphere of the family for which the house was intended. The furnishings, consisting mainly of plain block-printed hangings, tables, chairs, cutlery, glass and pottery, beds and couches, articles of metal and hand-made rugs, were almost entirely the work of local artist-craftsmen.

Since only a section of one room of each of the four homes could be shown in the gallery space allotted to the show, the exhibition partook mainly of the character of a home furnishing exhibition and less of a visual solution of a house-planning problem.

This emphasis, however, was to a large extent offset by careful reading of the attractive catalogue of the exhibition which contained reproductions of the four plans, full information concerning specifications, finances involved in each house and sources of the furnishings. Altogether it was a well-planned project. Most of the criticism levelled at the show was to the effect that no solution was offered to a person whose annual income was less than \$4,500.00.

Perhaps the next project of this kind will aim to offer a solution to the problem of building a well-designed home at a cost more closely related to the average income—and so prove that good design is a matter of planning and taste, and not of financial means.

Canadian Art Societies Collaborate in a Joint Exhibition

For the first time in Canadian art history, the public has been given this spring in Toronto the opportunity to see the annual exhibitions of the principal Canadian art societies, all at one time and under the same roof. This important joint exhibition serves as an imaginative recognition by these societies of the fiftieth anniversary of the Art Gallery of Toronto. It also provides a wonderful chance to see what is what, and where we are, in contemporary work.

These combined showings opened on March 3rd and they continue into the second week of April. They take up every inch of gallery space,



Photo: Jack Long

A corner of the "Design in Living" exhibition, as shown at the Vancouver Art Gallery, with locally designed furnishings and block-printed draperies.

including the sculpture court and print room. Organizations represented include the Royal Canadian Academy of Art, the Canadian Group of Painters, the Ontario Society of Artists, the Canadian Society of Painters in Water Colour, the Sculptors Society of Canada, the Canadian Society of Graphic Art, and the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada. On view also are crafts selected by the Canadian Guild of Potters, the Canadian Handicrafts Guild and the Spinners and Weavers of Ontario. An extended review of this exhibition will appear in the summer number of this magazine.

Western Canada Views Designs for Everyday Use

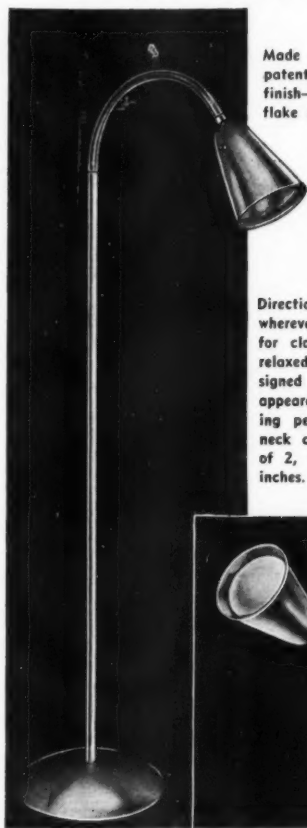
"Have nothing in your house that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful". This phrase written by William Morris, nineteenth-century English designer, serves as the

Ideal for close work
—reading or sewing.



Light can be pointed
in any direction.

SUNSPOT LUMINAIRES



Made with permanent,
patented "Alumilite"
finish—will not tarnish,
flake or chip.

*Ideal for
use as a
sun lamp
or
heat lamp*

Directional lighting—
wherever you need it
for close work or for
relaxed reading. De-
signed for beauty of
appearance and light-
ing perfection. Goose-
neck comes in lengths
of 2, 12, 18, and 24
inches.



For full information, write to

LIGHTING MATERIALS LIMITED

803 ERIN STREET

WINNIPEG

FRANK JARMAN

LIMITED

OTTAWA ONTARIO

We stock

Winsor & Newton's and
Reeves Artists' Materials

Oil and Water Colours, Fine Drawing
Papers, Canvas, Brushes, etc.

Loomis and Toles Limited

for GRUMBACHER CASEIN COLORS
SUPERBA WHITE OIL COLOR
PK 5 ILLUSTRATION BOARD
PRE TESTED OIL BRUSHES

Complete line of

GRUMBACHER ARTIST MATERIAL.

159 King Street West, Toronto - AD. 6807

FINE COLOUR PRINTS FROM FRANCE

Send for our list of colour prints
of famous artists, 8½ x 10½ inches
and mounted for framing.

From 75 cents each and including
works by many of the Impression-
ists and Post-Impressionists.

.

BURTON'S LIMITED

1004, ST. CATHERINE STREET WEST
MONTREAL



Created by Canadians, these three manufactured products were chosen for showing in the Design Index Section of the recent Canadian "Designs for Everyday Use" exhibition. They are, beginning top left: a coffee-maker designed by J. S. Luck, Kingston, for Aluminum Goods Ltd., Toronto; a kettle, by Sid Bersudsky, Toronto, for General Steel Wares, Ltd., Toronto; a nail brush for Stevens-Hepner, Ltd., Port Elgin, Ont.

motto of the "Designs for Everyday Use" exhibition which the National Gallery, in co-operation with the National Industrial Design Committee, has been circulating this winter in western Canada. There is an illustrated section on the Canadian Design Index, and the display also contains a Design Quiz and a Design Primer, this last giving examples of good proportion and properly applied colour and decoration in modern mass-

produced household objects selected from many countries.

Shown at the Saskatoon Art Centre, the Winnipeg Art Gallery, the Hudson's Bay store in Edmonton, this exhibition was also put on view at the Vancouver Art Gallery in December, in conjunction with a display of goods of merit produced in British Columbia. This latter showing was sponsored by the newly organized British

Columbia Industrial Design Committee, which has been formed by certain businessmen and officials of that province who are now becoming keenly aware of the need for improved designs in consumer goods.

THE ART FORUM

Dear Sir:

The memorial exhibition of paintings by the late Pegi Nicol MacLeod, when it was shown this last season in Fredericton, drew a large crowd of persons from both the university and the city. To many of them, this was not just another exhibition of pictures, but an opportunity to do homage to one whom they had known and loved. Among them were many of her former students, who had had the privilege of experiencing at first hand the enthusiasm of her example and the liberality of her precepts. As the director of the university's Summer School of Art for several sessions, Pegi Nicol did this community a service which it will not forget. She had the teacher's greatest gift—that of bringing from each of her pupils the finest of which he or she was capable. There was no condescension or pedantry in her approach; each individual was of supreme worth, and she considered it her task to foster that individuality rather than to force it into preconceived patterns.

Among the visitors also were many who had been colleagues of Pegi on the university staff, and who knew how tirelessly she had worked in the interest of Canadian culture. She was always ready to address a group of students in literature or philosophy on the nature of art, the prospects of Canadian painting, or on any other subject close to her heart.

Yours truly,
DESMOND PACEY,
University of New Brunswick,
Fredericton, N.B.

Dear Sir:

Your excellent December issue arrived at my house along with many evidences of "good-will towards men" which signalise Christmas. "Good-will", however, implies not only a generous charity, but, much more, a degree of understanding, and the lack of it

may mar human relationships not only at this, but at every season of the year. In this respect, your current issue seems unfortunately to be blemished somewhat, by the sourness, the unfairness of its references to the recent Academy show in Montreal. Indeed, it almost appears from the character of the comments that have been made about this institution in *Canadian Art* over several years, that editorial 'good-will' had deteriorated into a phobia.

In this issue, it is noted, for example, that the Academy offered a painting prize to students, but without making the slightest admission that this venture, a costly one in view of the Academy's slender resources, was in the least creditable or praiseworthy. Instead, it was turned into a club with which to beat the Academy; a convenient device by comparison with which most of the exhibits could be categorically dismissed as trivial. The author of these cursory and hostile opinions thoughtfully refrained from subscribing his name.

This type of criticism seems to me to be most unfair; for these blanket denunciations do great injustice to the many liberal and progressive-minded people within the Academy, of whom, perhaps, there were never so many as there are today. In doing injury to the institution, it injures also those of its members whose works are, at other times and in other places, welcomed and praised for their modern and progressive character. Finally, but not least, it injures those artists, who by preference and by faith in their own creed, continue to be academic or traditional painters.

Artists of even the most divergent creeds have important common needs, and tolerance and the good-will (but not necessarily the praise) of other artists is among them. But it is sad to reflect that those artists and writers who fought so vigorously against what they once felt to be the undemocratic behaviour of the Academy should have given birth to a number of followers who are themselves as tyrannical and undemocratic in their attitude towards those not of their own elect.

Freedom of unprejudiced critical discussion? Yes, by all means. But, please, eliminate from your columns these caustic and wholesale denunciations of a whole group by anonymous traducers.

Yours truly,
L. A. C. PANTON,
Toronto

Mexico!

Full program of spring and summer courses in arts and crafts. Remarkably inexpensive living accommodations. Approved for Canadian veterans.

For a catalogue address

STIRLING DICKINSON, Associate Director

ESCUELA DE BELLAS ARTES

Insurgentes No. 3,
San Miguel Allende, Gto. Mexico

Editors' Note: It is not the policy of Canadian Art to publish contributions by "anonymous traducers". The notes in "Coast to Coast in Art" are prepared or edited by the editors, who take full responsibility for them, although for convenience they do not distinguish individual items by signatures. The item in question was written by Robert Ayre, who says that, while he admits he might have been more generous in recognizing the Academy's gesture in setting up the annual Student Painting Award, he still feels that many of the paintings in the exhibition, as in other Canadian exhibitions, were trivial.

by TRIVA of sweden

modern design translated in blond birch and grained elm . . .

lacquered, waxed, and hand rubbed to a surface of silk.

from the new triva collection exclusive with simpson's.

fifth floor

Simpson's

toronto



NEW BOOKS ON THE ARTS

HISTORY OF WORLD ART. By Everard M. Upjohn, Paul S. Wingert, and Jane Gaston Mahler. xxii + 560 pp. + 654 ill. New York and Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1949. \$6.00.

There can be few literary tasks more difficult than writing a one-volume history of art. For besides a history it must also be an anthology of great works of art, and the two functions must be perfectly harmonized. This is doubtless the reason why such books are still so few. Most recent ones in English have appeared in the United States and, like this one, have been written to satisfy a need for text-books for the universal "survey course" in the history of art at American universities. Hence, not only because of the enforced compression of material, but also in view of the intended readers' needs, this sort of book sometimes tends to be characterized by over-simplifications, by an earnest and didactic tone, and by certain peremptory judgments upon artists and their works, which (one hopes) are meant to jolt the "pass arts" student out of his lethargy and make him sit up and take an interest.

The *History of World Art* is the most ambitious and the most successful of this family of art literature. The text is prefaced by 654 well selected illustrations which occupy about a third of the volume and which themselves probably justify the book's existence. At the end there are lists of books for additional reading—"in English, since very few college students in America can command any other language" (Preface).

A few critical remarks are called for by the content of this book the purpose of which is to cover only the art of "civilized peoples". It therefore omits prehistoric and primitive art from the outset. But should the pre-Columbian cultures of Central and South America be so classed? There is no more than a name or a line or two on Russian and Scandinavian Europe or modern Mexico; and Canadians will perhaps not be surprised that there is no reference to their art. Some of these omissions and the spotty treatment, in the various period divisions, of art in England, Germany, and even France, are probably to be expected if the book is not to become encyclopaedic in character. Nor is it unnatural that the book should reflect some of the traditional attitudes of American art scholarship, such as the stress on Lombard Romanesque architecture or the lack of sympathy with the Baroque. It is indeed difficult to gain any impression of the greatness of Rubens and Rembrandt from the page or two devoted to each, omitting their great religious pictures. A fidelity to water-tight period compartments, which prevents the authors from giving an adequate impression of the continuous unfolding of style, would suggest that such books as Nikolaus Pevsner's splendid *European Architecture* (first published in Penguin Books) be made compulsory additional reading for the student.

The American chapters will seem disproportionately long and detailed to readers in other countries, though the quite good account of American architecture stands on its own merits. One of the best, and certainly one of the unique features of the book is Mrs. Mahler's admirable summary of Oriental art. An indication of her thoroughness is given in her chapter on China which includes a discussion of every important monument and of each of the great painters.

This is a fundamentally sound, sensible, and useful history which I am sure must already have found its way into the hands of Canadian professors and students and been recognized by them as such.

R. H. HUBBARD

PICTURE MAKING BY CHILDREN OF AVERAGE ABILITY IN THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO. By the Staff of the Essex School Art Unit, Toronto. (*Auspices of the Ontario Department of Education and the Toronto Board of Education.*) 58 pp.

Out of the desolation of art education in Canada, a glimmer of hope reaches us as we read this booklet. One of the most exciting things about this report is that it was projected, not by one interested person alone, but jointly by the Ontario Department of Education and the Toronto Board of Education. Active interest at this level is all too rare. Congratulations are due to Ontario for this competent and enlightening survey of picture making in the elementary schools of that province.

The survey set out to discover the normal characteristics of picture making and to reveal the creative growth of children from Grades One to Eight. Following the findings for each grade are suggestions for teacher guidance, and the report concludes with a definite statement of undesirable teaching practices, together with distribution charts showing the prevalence of these.

The paintings of 431 pupils of average art ability from the Essex School were analysed for typical characteristics, and a further 12,000 drawings from 122 inspectorates were also studied. Art work from the Essex School showed a creative growth from Grades One to Eight parallel to the discoveries of Viktor Lowenfeld, recognized authority in this field. Although the teachers at the Essex School were not specialists, the children's work revealed practically the same characteristics of picture making that Lowenfeld suggests as normal to unspoiled children. From the 122 inspectorates, it was found that indication of normal creative growth was far less evident. The report suggests three major teaching faults responsible for this deviation from normal: (1) teacher domination, (2) permitting children to "color in" and to copy other pictures, (3) lack of timely guidance. Other undesirable teaching practices are listed.

Since the notes on teacher guidance, which are included, do diverge from the factual statement of a report, and attempt something of an instructional nature, I feel a more complete treatment of these suggestions would have added to its practical value.

By giving art education the respectability of a sound scientific background, a survey of this kind is of immeasurable importance. A truly national feeling for the arts must originate within the schools. The Canadian people are interested in hockey because they played hockey in their youth. Some day they may be interested in art also.

WYNONA MULCASTER



Angel, 1337-50, Choir Vault, Gloucester Cathedral, reproduced in *English Art, 1307-1461*, by Joan Evans

ENGLISH ART, 1307-1461. By Joan Evans. Vol. 5 of the *Oxford History of English Art*. General Editor, T. S. R. Boase. xxi pp. + 272 pp., frontispiece + 96 plates. Oxford: Clarendon Press. (Canadian Distributors: Oxford University Press, Toronto.) \$7.50.

This volume is the first to appear of the long awaited *Oxford History of English Art*. It is the fifth in the series of eleven volumes, the aim of which is to recount the development of English art against the background of general history. The series is designed primarily for the scholar.

This book opens with an introduction to the whole

series by Mr. T. S. R. Boase, the general editor, setting out its aim and scope, and giving a brief outline of the whole course of English art. Its subject is what Dr. Evans rightly calls the "central period of English Mediaeval art". This is presented in two halves, the first of which surveys the development of the arts as a whole. It is in keeping with Dr. Evans' thesis that the essence of the changes in later English Gothic architecture lies in ornament rather than structure, that most stress is laid on the two-dimensional arts—manuscript illumination, which now provides the most coherent historical series, wall and panel painting, and the last stages of *Opus Anglicanum*. There are valuable sections on sculpture in stone and alabaster, wood carving and metal work; here as elsewhere another nail is laid into the coffin of the old myth of the "anonymity" of English Mediaeval art. As Mr. Boase says, "architecture is the framework in which the other arts are set", and though this book is not a history of English architecture, we are never far from reference to architectural development.

The second half of the book is a series of studies of special types. There are chapters on the Houses of the Great (Church houses, castles and manors); Funeral Effigies (both brasses and three-dimensional figures; it is a pity that not more of the remarkable series of Royal effigies are illustrated); Canopied Tombs (the niche tomb and the Chantry Chapel, ending with the magnificent Percy tomb at Beverley Minster); Chantries and Colleges (the growth of Chantry Foundations, and the gradual shift of emphasis to education, the most significant figure of which is William of Wykeham); and Towns and Villages. Here, as before, the continual emphasis is on architecture, and however much this may be due to the chances of survival, it is right that we should be constantly reminded of architecture's place in the history of English art: it is indeed true, as Dr. Evans says, that "neither York nor Exeter has the breath-taking quality of Bourges or Beauvais", but it is in architecture, not elsewhere, that England comes closest to the achievements of the European later Middle Ages.

There are two appendices, one of them a useful list of works of art of the second order for further study, an excellent bibliography, an index, and 96 half-tone plates.

In a work of such uniformly high quality there are few adverse criticisms to be made. The writing does occasionally drop to something not far removed from a catalogue, and it is probably the fault of the appearance of Volume 5 before its predecessors that the facts of causation and early growth sometimes seem to be overlooked. On a more mechanical level, almost a dozen incorrect references to plates are given in the text; an Italic type is injected from nowhere for the first word of Chapter 3; and not all the plates are adequate to illustrate the particular point referred to in the text—though it is fair to say that Mr. Boase partly forestalls this criticism by an explanation on page vii.

GERARD BRETT

OXFORD

BOOKS FOR ART-LOVERS

THE OXFORD HISTORY OF ENGLISH ART

This magnificent series, the first comprehensive history of the visual arts in England, began last fall with the publication of the first of the proposed 11 volumes:

Volume V: ENGLISH ART 1307-1461

The author is Dr. Joan Evans, the famous medieval art expert (*Art in Medieval France*: \$13.65). There are 96 "excellently chosen" (*The Spectator*) halftone plates and a frontispiece. And the price is \$6.50. Some of the reviewers' comments:

"This volume offers a splendid example of a competent and richly furnished mind at work on a period abounding in material and significant in its contribution to the national stream of art."—*Winnipeg Free Press*

"... an event of real importance."—*The Listener*

LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO MODERN ART

By Mary C. Rathbun and

Bartlett Hayes, Jr.

At last! a book for the layman that clearly and interestingly answers his challenge that modern art lacks sanity.

100 Illustrations \$4.50

RETREAT FROM LIKENESS IN THE THEORY OF PAINTING

By Frances Bradshaw Blanshard

A new, completely revised edition of an indispensable reference work for modern artists.

8 Illustrations \$4.50

At your local bookseller



OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

OLD KINGDOM ART IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

By Cyril Aldred. 40 pp. + 71 plates + map. London: Alec Trianti Ltd. 6/-.

This compact little volume about Egyptian sculpture before 2300 B.C. will be read by far more people than most of the recent picture books devoted to the popularization of Egyptian art because it is published at a really popular price. It is a remarkable achievement; for few subjects could be more difficult to interpret within the condensed space required by the series to which it belongs. The 71 photographs have been chosen from collections in Egypt, Europe and America, with many less familiar examples interspersed among the well-known masterpieces.

HYPERION MINIATURES

in the MASTERS IN ART SERIES

TITLES AVAILABLE

Gauguin Manet Picasso Toulouse-Lautrec

75 cents each 3.00 for the four postpaid free

Each book is a complete monograph with eight colour and forty halftone reproductions.

Classic Bookshop

1380 St. CATHERINE WEST

MONTREAL, P.Q.



Beautiful Art Books

E. GRACE COOMBS, ARTIST

By Lorne Pierce. For every lover of art and every collector, this beautiful book is a treasure. It contains a brief biography of Grace Coombs, well-known Canadian artist; a catalogue raisonné of her work; and sixty-six full-page plates, many in colour. \$5.00.

PAINTING AS A PASTIME

By The Right Honourable Winston S. Churchill. In two stimulating essays, the author tells about his hobby of painting. With sixteen pages of full-colour plates of his work. "It should be the gift book for those who paint, want to paint or find all things Churchillian of interest."—*The Narrator*. \$2.75.

THE RYERSON PRESS
TORONTO

The text consists of general discussion, descriptive notes, a historical summary and a short bibliography; the completeness of the descriptive notes will make the book more useful to the specialist than is many a larger volume. The main body of the text is designed to elucidate the formalism of Egyptian sculpture by describing its religious purpose, its geographical and historical background, its realism within the limits of its system and its technical perfection; an account of the development of style during the Old Kingdom is included. The author emphasizes the difference between our own visual, naturalistic art, still basically in the tradition of the Greeks, and the formal art of the Egyptians. The aesthetic exposition will undoubtedly help those who are unfamiliar with Egyptian art to see it in a clearer light. This light, however, may be somewhat dimmed by the inadequate treatment of certain important aspects of the subject. The term "primitive" is repeatedly applied to Egyptian sculpture, and might be misleading to the average reader, Egyptian art has a highly developed style which seems still more foreign to us than primitive art, with which it is classed because it is "pre-Greek". Very little space is devoted to relief sculpture, and there is no mention of the keen enjoyment of life that is so strongly reflected in Egyptian work even though almost all that survives is concerned with death. It is not the least fascinating thing about Old Kingdom art that the funerary works designed to endure and created solely for the dead speak so eloquently about daily life.

WINIFRED NEEDLER

ARTIST AND CRAFTSMAN. By H. Rubemann. 79 pp. + 54 plates (8 in colour). London: Max Parrish and Co. Ltd. (Canadian Distributors: Clarke Irwin and Co., Toronto.) \$2.75.

This book is a welcome antidote to the many popular but all too frequently incompetent and pretentious introductions to the arts which are being published today. It is incidentally attractive in format and moderate in price. As the second volume to appear in the *Approach to Art* series, a series which is intended primarily to promote discussion, the purpose of the book is "not so much to arrive at any rigid definitions as to stimulate interest . . . by the method of comparison." This is achieved by the lively method of presentation. Under the headings of Contrast, Similarity and Influence, each with an appropriate and straightforward essay, excellent reproductions, of ample size and fully captioned, are juxtaposed "to illustrate the varied relations between art and craftsmanship." Also the distinctions made between fine and applied art are intelligent and pertinent. The reader is thus enabled to consider different aspects of the arts of all schools and periods and to approach each problem for himself. For so short and simple a book its scope is remarkably wide with examples ranging over more than two thousand years of oriental and western culture, from a lacquer box of the Han Dynasty, through the great periods of religious and secular art, to modern textiles and posters



Drawing by a 10 year old child done in the Saturday morning children's classes at the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, and included in the exhibition of Art Work by Children in North America, held at the Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Mass., this January.

and a discussion of Walt Disney's contribution to a new art form.

KATHLEEN M. FENWICK

THE GROWTH OF TWELVE MASTERPIECES.

By Charles Johnson, M.A. 106 pp. + 61 illustrations (6 in colour). London: Phoenix House. (Canadian Distributors: Clarke Irwin and Co., Toronto.) \$6.50.

Mr. Johnson has written a series of short essays, each of which is devoted to the study of a single painting. In each essay he discusses experimental sketches, studies or other pictures which lead up to the finished work, noting, as he says in his introduction, each change the artist has made "not as a correction or after thought, but as a further clarification or uncovering of the vision that first inspired him". The result he adds is "a precious insight into the workings of the artist's mind". The paintings chosen range in date from the late thirteenth century to the late nineteenth, with no intervening century unrepresented, and include *The Deposition* by Ugolino da Siena, *The Agony in the Garden* by Giovanni Bellini, *The Crucifixion* by Antonella da Messina, *The Virgin of the Rocks* by Leonardo da Vinci, *Christ and Mary Magdalene* by Titian, *The Purification of the Temple* by El Greco, *Landscape: Sunset* by Rubens, *Bacchanalian Revel before a Term of Pan* by Nicolas Poussin, *The Music Party* by Watteau, *The Leaping Horse* by Constable, *Madame Moitessier Seated* by Ingres and *La Montagne Sainte Victoire* by Cézanne. All of them are in the National Gallery, London, where the author is official lecturer.

Beginning at such an early date has compelled Mr. Johnson to interpret the phrase "growth of a masterpiece" more broadly than one might have expected. Ugolino's *Deposition*, for which there are no preliminary drawings by the artist's own hand, is endowed with an artistic ancestry running back through hundreds of years. For the first time only in the

Selected Paintings
by
Canadian Artists of Merit

WATSON ART GALLERIES

1434 SHERBROOKE ST. WEST
MONTREAL

EXPOSITION

PERMANENTE DE PEINTURES CANADIENNES ET EUROPÉENNES
PERMANENT EXHIBITION OF CANADIAN AND EUROPEAN PAINTINGS

RESTORATION OF
OIL PAINTINGS

à L'Art français

370 Laurier W. (west of Park Ave.) Montreal

SAINT JOHN VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

Courses in Fine and Applied Art

OLD MASTER TECHNIQUES

MURAL PAINTING

BOOK ILLUSTRATION

TEXTILE DESIGN-LETTERING

FASHION ILLUSTRATION

Prospectus on Request

FINE AND INDUSTRIAL ART



VANCOUVER SCHOOL OF ART

Cambie & Dunsmuir Director: Charles H. Scott, A.R.C.A.

PROSPECTUS FREE ON APPLICATION



reduced prices on
REEVES
 English Made
artists' materials
 now in effect at your dealer—
 due to devaluation of sterling



fourth picture, *The Virgin of the Rocks*, is the attention focussed more legitimately on Leonardo's preparatory studies specifically related to the altar-piece.

Mr. Johnson might have been more concerned than he actually is in his essays with the process by which a painting takes shape. However, to follow his detailed observations and comparisons through his multiple references to the illustrations, is a valuable exercise. The publishers have co-operated generously to make this possible by including 61 illustrations, six of which are in colour.

SYDNEY KEY

THE PAINTER'S CRAFT. By Ralph Mayer. 218 pp. + illustrations + colour frontispiece. New York and Toronto: D. Van Nostrand Company. \$6.25.

The appearance of another book by Ralph Mayer is an event of paramount interest to every artist, both professional and amateur.

It is now nearly a decade since the publication of Mr. Mayer's valuable treatise, *The Artist's Handbook of Materials and Techniques*. In that short time the handbook has gained a well-deserved place as one of the most valuable texts in English dealing with

Paintings or prints by Canadian artists were given to the various winners of the 1949 Canada Film Awards. The winners made their own choice of works within the price range specified. This painting by the Vancouver artist, O. N. Fisher, was one of those selected in this way. The Canada Film Awards for 1950 will be announced in April, at which time the winners again will be offered Canadian works of art as prizes.



Queen's University
SUMMER SCHOOL
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

JULY 3 — AUGUST 16, 1950

ART — MUSIC — BALLET
DRAMA — RADIO WORKSHOP

Classes in Drawing and Painting
conducted by

Andre Bieler
of Queen's University

Henri Masson
Instructor, Children's Classes, The
National Gallery, Ottawa

Carl Schaefer
Instructor of Painting, Ontario College
of Art



FINE ART
COMMERCIAL ART
CRAFTS
CERAMICS FOR
INDUSTRIAL DESIGN
Eight months \$40.00

Write for Art Department Prospectus

**THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTE
OF TECHNOLOGY AND ART**
CALGARY, ALBERTA

The University of New Brunswick
announces its
**TENTH SUMMER COURSE IN
CREATIVE PAINTING**

at
THE OBSERVATORY ART CENTRE
FREDERICTON, N.B.

JULY 3 — AUGUST 12

Instructor—FRITZ BRANDTNER

The university residence, Lady Beaverbrook
Building, will be open for both men and women.
Reservations should be made at once.
For accommodation and further information write
early, to the registrar.

the problems surrounding the material techniques of painting. This new work, *The Painter's Craft* is, to some extent, a condensation of much that is contained in the handbook. To this has been added the fresh intelligence on the subject which must indubitably result from the continuous study and experiment in which Mayer is at all times engaged.

Mr. Mayer observes that the processes of development in the painter's craft is infinitely slow, that we are still largely dependent on the traditional or time-tested methods of the past, and that only a very few of the modern innovations in painting have widespread use today. In fact, although our studio procedures are supplemented by vastly improved grades of raw materials and a few new resins and pigments, we have not progressed in them to any considerable extent since Rembrandt's time.

CHARLES F. COMFORT

CONTRIBUTORS

Leonard Brooks had a showing of his Mexican paintings in Toronto last year. Before the war, he lived and taught in Toronto, then for two years he was an official war artist with the Royal Canadian Navy. He is now living in San Miguel de Allende, about two hundred miles north of Mexico City.

Beatrice Korner, whose home is in Vancouver, studied art history at Mills College, California, and at the Sorbonne in Paris. She is now on the staff of the Art Gallery of Toronto.

**Mount Allison School
OF
Fine and Applied Arts**

MOUNT ALLISON UNIVERSITY
SACKVILLE, N.B.

**Lawren P. Harris, A.R.C.A., O.S.A.,
Director**

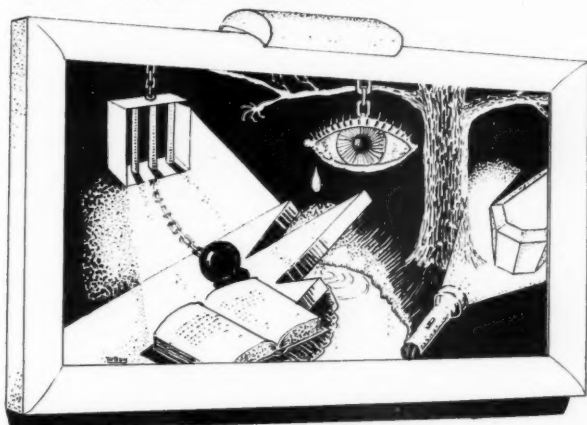
Maritime Summer School

July 3 - August 12

Courses in Drawing, Painting, History of Art,
Pottery, Weaving, Metal and Leather Work.

Prospectus on request.

DO "Ye Ken" WHAT THIS IS?



WE DON'T . . . BUT WE **DO KNOW** IT WILL LAST FOR
EVER . . . IF THE ARTIST USED
"CALAB" OILS

CANADIAN ART LABORATORY LIMITED., 536 EASTERN AVENUE, TORONTO

W I N S O R & N E W T O N

ARTIST OIL COLOURS

SINGLE & STUDIO TUBES

LONDON OIL COLOURS

STUDENTS' OIL COLOURS

CANADIAN ART LABORATORIES

Assortment of Colours in ½ Studio and Studio Tubes

Winsor & Newton Colours will be reduced March 1st

TALENS SOFT PASTELS

12 Sticks	\$2.00	24 Sticks	\$ 3.15
36 Sticks	4.75	48 Sticks	5.35
60 Sticks	7.65	96 Sticks	11.75



1387 St. Catherine St., W.

Montreal 25, Que.

DOON SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS

A Summer School of Fine Arts where sound technical instruction and practical help will encourage students to express themselves with complete freedom.

STAFF

Yvonne McKague Housser, A.R.C.A., O.S.A.
L. A. C. Panton, R.C.A., O.S.A.
R. York Wilson, R.C.A., O.S.A.
Gordon Payne, O.S.A., C.P.E.

Write for illustrated booklet to the Registrar
DOON SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS
DOON, ONTARIO

18th Annual Session

University of Alberta BANFF SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS

June 26th-August 19th, 1950

COURSES

Art including professional class, Singing, Piano and Piano Technique, Choral Music, Drama, Short Story Writing, Playwriting, Radio Writing and Technique, Ballet, Weaving and Design, Leathercraft, Oral French and Photography.

For calendar write:

DIRECTOR, EXTENSION DEPARTMENT,
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
EDMONTON, ALBERTA

DON VALLEY SCHOOL OF ART

Registrations are now being accepted for outdoor sketching classes in the Don Valley, Toronto, and for the Summer Residence Course operated by the school at Westover Acres, Ontario.

Staff

Mr. Stanley Moyer, A.O.C.A.
Mr. Grant Johnston, A.O.C.A.
Miss Joan Lowrie, A.O.C.A.

Rates for weekly instruction including meals and accommodation furnished on request.

Write for illustrated booklet to the Director, Roy Cadwell, M.A., 639 Carlaw Ave., Toronto.

DON VALLEY SCHOOL OF ART
Toronto, Canada

EVERYTHING FOR THE ARTIST

WINSOR & NEWTON
GRUMBACHER
and
REEVES ART MATERIALS
ILLUSTRATION BOARDS
POSTER COLORS
AIR BRUSHES

The logo for Fraser LTD. features the word "Fraser" in a large, stylized, cursive script. Above the "F" is a small "J.C." and below the "er" is "LTD." in a smaller, sans-serif font.

"Your Friendly Art Store"

320 Donald St., Winnipeg, Man.
621 West Pender St., Vancouver, B.C.



EATON'S

In The Fine Art Galleries

... paintings from the past and present — works universally accepted for their beauty, and Modern art to stimulate interest. And, from time to time, there are exhibits featuring Photography and Ceramics, as well as Paintings ... ever-changing displays keyed to the interest of Connoisseur, Collector, Artist and Home-maker.

**EATON'S - COLLEGE STREET
TORONTO**

{ THE RUNGE PRESS LIMITED }
OTTAWA CANADA

GRUMBACHER

GENUINE

Casein

COLOR
FOR ARTISTS



We also sell **TIME!**

With each tube of GRUMBACHER GENUINE CASEIN COLOR you also buy that most essential commodity of the artist . . . TIME!

Grumbacher laboratory research gives you a genuine casein emulsion color that . . . ● remains water-soluble on the palette for DAYS ● dries QUICKLY on the painted surface ● works readily wet-in-wet even in thin strokes, NO WAITING for the color to dry ● saves TIME in preparation and clean-up because it thins with water ● enables you to finish a painting in ONE sitting ● illustrators can meet DEADLINES

Use GRUMBACHER GENUINE CASEIN COLOR once,
and you will use it Time and Time again.

Send for informative booklet today

M. GRUMBACHER

OF CANADA, LTD.



COLORS ARTISTS' MATERIAL BRUSHES

ntial

nains
works
E in
ONE

R

ES